

The BLUE OWL

ATTLEBORO HIGH
SCHOOL

DECEMBER 1939

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THE BLUE OWL

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A FRIEND

"Dan" C.—"What is a parasite?"

Lane Murray—"A freshman with a senior sister."

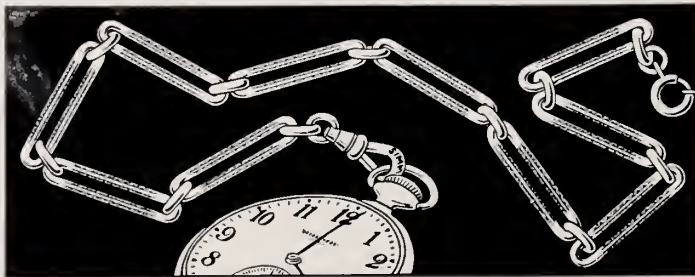
"Have you heard the new Eskimo song?"

"No, what is it?"

"Freeze a Jolly Good Fellow."

—The Observer

Simmons



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ATTLEBORO MASSACHUSETTS

Quality since 1874

THE BLUE OWL

PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES A YEAR DECEMBER, FEBRUARY, APRIL AND JUNE

Subscription—Seventy-five cents per year

Single copies twenty-five cents first three issues; seventy-five cents for the June issue

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EDITORIALS

DAVID ROUNSEVILLE, '40

ARA MAKSOODIAN, '41

School Spirit

School spirit is a phrase that is heard often around Attleboro High School, but no one seems to do much, or know much, about arousing school enthusiasm. When there is a lack of this, it is most noticeable at a football game or some other such activity. Some students probably think that this shouting at a game is all there is to school spirit, and if the cheering is going well, usually when the team is winning, they think that they have plenty of spirit. The real test, however, comes when the team is losing, and then one will find few schools which have enough real spirit and enthusiasm to back up and encourage their team with good cheering when it most needs it.

School spirit is not created overnight, but it is something that has to grow. The foundations of it should start with each entering class when the groups from different grammar schools establish mutual friendships with their own class mates as well as with students of upper classes. A school cannot have much spirit if it is separated into cliques and different uncongenial groups. In such a state, the school is like a country without a strong central government.

Another important essential in creating this spirit is the willingness and ability of the students to work together and take part in the important school activities, such as the student council, athletic teams, class functions, band, and different clubs. If everyone works hard

in such activities, or takes an interest in them, he can't help having pride in his school, and with this pride comes school spirit.

Attleboro High School is not by any means the poorest example of school spirit, but there is plenty of room for improvement which can be made if each individual student will take more interest in his school.

—David Rounseville, '40

* * *

Thanksgiving

If this appears in print, Thanksgiving—I refer to both of them—will have come and gone. But turkey and mince pie are only symbols of a grand and glorious feeling of gratitude.

Elsewhere in the world boys and girls of high school age are carrying gas masks and learning the quickest way to bombproof shelters. Instead of attending classes and enjoying football games, the seventeen and eighteen year old students are having training in preparation for military service in the air, in the trenches, above or below the waves.

This grand and glorious feeling of gratitude should always make us happy and realize that we are glad to be Americans living in a land enjoying peace. We hope that the Stars and Stripes may forever wave over our land with a perpetual peace.

—Robert Powers, '41

LITERARY

ANITA TREEN, '40

PHYLLIS O'NEIL, '43

JEANNE WELCH, '40

Disillusion

Tommy, gaily arrayed in striped shirt, flashy suspenders, green trousers, gay socks, and saddle shoes jumped into his car, for such was its species although it was hardly recognizable under its gay paint, adhesive taped windshield, and many times renovated canvas top. However, it was Tommy's pride and joy.

Tommy was whistling, for he had managed to earn seventy-five cents. Forty cents would pay for two seats in the first balcony, seventeen cents would pay for a gallon of gas and fifteen cents would buy a soda for Judy. Of course it would be grand to be rich and be able to buy lots of things for Judy, but she wouldn't mind, she was a grand girl.

The short drive to Judy's house ending, Tommy went in and soon the two appeared. Climbing into the car, Judy, a dubious blond in a clinging black dress, raspberry lips and jangling jewels, settled herself, remarking, "Oh Tommy, what an amusing car, such queer colors, and what is the adhesive tape for, and do tell me, does it al-ways make such a noise?" Tommy counted ten and glared ahead while Judy continued, "Most of the boys I know have great expensive cars so riding in this is an experience."

Tommy, unable to restrain any longer muttered, "Well, she goes, doesn't she?"

By this time their destination was attained so they got out of the car and went to the theatre. Tommy asked, "Would you mind sitting upstairs? I get terrific headaches when I sit downstairs," luckily for Tommy and his forty cents, Judy answered, "Of course not, although I've heard that the seats in the balcony are uncomfortable."

The hero of the movie being Clark Power, Judy was overjoyed, remarking how handsome he was. Poor Tommy just glared at the screen.

The show over, the two went to a nearby drug-store and Judy ordered, "I think I'll have a chicken sandwich and an ice cream soda and I would love some of those divine little candies." Tommy, thinking of his fifteen cents gulped, but gallantly replied, "O. K., but I don't think I'll have anything, I don't feel very good. Please excuse me for a minute will you?" Tommy made his way to the rear of the store where he talked to the soda clerk then he came back. After Judy had finished he hurried her from the drugstore before she discovered any more inviting articles. He already had to work a week washing dishes and sweeping floors to pay for Judy's thirty-five cent sandwich, fifteen cent soda and "divine little candies", which were sixty cents a pound.

The conversation on the way home was very one sided. Judy elaborated on the queer car, and the wonders of Clark Power, her other swains, and a cute little necklace that she would just love to have.

Upon reaching Judy's house Tommy, figuratively speaking, dumped her quickly and beat it. Arriving home he put the car in the shed and slammed the doors. With an expression of disgust and dismay on his face he muttered, "Women, no more for me, a week's extra work; and she wanted a necklace; well, I would like to give her one but not the kind she wants." Patting the car he continued, "I'll bet she's never ridden in anything better."

—Miriam Smith, '40

The Old House

He opened the door of the old house cautiously and looked in. After a moment's hesitation he slipped in, carefully shutting the door after him. The darkness got on his nerves, so he began to whistle faintly.

Upstairs in the attic a sinister figure sat at a desk gloating over two sheets of paper.

Meanwhile downstairs, the boy, unaware that he had stumbled upon the hideout of an international spy, was gaining a little more confidence in himself and had stopped whistling. After exploring the first floor he ascended to the second. Satisfied that there were no ghosts about, he was in the act of heaving a relieved sigh when he heard a low chuckle. He started to shake like a leaf and turn green. He turned and bolted for the door that led down the stairs, but it had blown shut and automatically locked. Desperately he shook the door, making a dreadful racket. The man in the attic jumped to his feet, grabbed his gun, and came cautiously down the stairs. The boy, upon hearing his approach, took refuge behind the trunk at the bottom of the staircase. When the man walked by him, he darted unseen up to the attic.

He was reading the precious papers when the spy stole up behind him and shoved a gun into his ribs. He turned about, startled, and there in front of him was a small, bent man with a horrible face that had been shot during the war. He would not utter a word, which added to the intensity of the situation. He motioned the boy to walk backwards and when he was backed into a corner, the spy raised the gun to the boy's head and pulled the trigger.

On the screen flashed the words: "Will Dickie Dane be murdered in cold blood by this ruthless killer? Did the bullet find its mark, or will Dickie's friend Steve rescue him in the nick of time? Chapter V in the series of Dickie Dane's adventures will be presented at your local theatre Saturday."

Mary Jane Wells, '43

The Miseries of Having an Older Sister and Younger Brother

When the family goes out evenings, you are not old enough to go, but just old enough to take care of little brother, so you stay at home. When they leave, you tell baby to play with his toys and you try to read a book. Getting thirsty, you go to the kitchen to get a drink of water, but—great Caesar's ghost!—when you get there, there's iodine all over the floor. The tinkling you heard was not baby playing with his toys, but breaking the bottle of iodine which he found on the table. He sits there laughing at you. Exasperated, you take him into the parlor and tell him to keep still while you wash up the mess he has made in the kitchen. Just as you finish, you hear a crash. Baby has broken mother's new floor lamp. Your temper gets the best of you, and just as you go to give baby a spanking, sis walks into the house and asks baby what happened. He says you threw a book at him, that he ducked and it hit the lamp, and that you were going to spank him for ducking. Without giving you a chance to speak, sis puts her delicate fist in your eye. You get up next morning with a black eye, only to hear mother scolding you for breaking the lamp and father roaring with laughter at your eye. Then you go to school and try to explain how the other guy looks.

—Charles Mandeville, '42

* * *

Glamourizing Liv

The girls were faced with a terrific problem. The Senior Prom was to be held next week, and Liv had flatly declared she would not go. She was tired of attending all school affairs with her brother and she was positive that Dan did not want to take her *everywhere*.

"What a predicament!" groaned Bet, who was seated on the top step of the porch.

"Oui, vous le dites!" exclaimed Jean, the ardent French student. "What are we going

to do? Liv just has to go to the Prom, but *not* with Dan."

"Well, let's get together and decide just why the fellows don't ask her to go with them, and yet they dance with her when she gets to the parties," Pat puzzled.

"They know her too well," Bet declared, "They still think of her as Dan's kid sister. She can cook grand 'concoctions' and is a champion fudge maker. They have fun with her—but she's still Dan's kid sister!"

"That's the trouble. They forget she's grown up," added Jean.

"They'll have to be shocked into realizing it, that's all. Let's glamourize Liv," suggested Pat.

"How do we start?"

"Well, first of all, let's not call her Liv; it sounds terrible. She's Olivia from now on," Bet began.

"O. K. Then second, I'll set her hair up and give her a manicure."

"What about a mud-pack?" wise-cracked Jean.

"She'll need a stunning evening gown with her red hair. I have a wonderful green chiffon that would do wonders for her," Pat offered, ignoring Jean.

"That would be grand. Then she'll be all set," Jean exclaimed happily.

"Oh, no, she needs a good 'line'. We'll get her an Elizabeth Woodward book, *then* everything will be just perfect," Bet stated.

"Well—say look!" Jean exclaimed, drawing the girls' attention to a dark roadster which was drawing up to the curb. "Why, it's Liv!"

"And who is she with?" whispered Kathie.

"It's Paul Princeton, the Harvard man who's living at his aunt's here in Centerville."

"Sh-h-h," Bet put her fingers to her lips and the girls sat in awe, watching the subject of their conversation.

"All right, Paul. I'll see you to-night at eight."

"Right, and don't forget the Prom next week," and the car rolled smoothly away.

The glamourizing of Liv never took place.

—Anita Treen, '40

The Truants

"Got everything, Butch?" whispered Jimmy from behind his algebra. "Don't forget your lunch and savings bank."

"Sure," answered Ted, otherwise known as Butch, "I mailed my card to Moms this morning. Told her I was going to California and get rich. Maybe we'll find gold."

At recess the two boys could be seen sneaking from the playground. When they reached the main road, they broke into a run, glancing furtively over their shoulders from time to time. At the first "thumbing", a college freshman in a bright red roadster picked them up. Both boys were silent, engrossed with their thoughts. "No more algebra, no more English. This was life!"

Two hours later the young driver drew up by the roadside. "I turn off here, kids," and he opened the door as the boys climbed out.

The hot afternoon sun rose above them, sending down unbearable heat which made both boys wish for the shade of the school-room, though neither wanted to admit this. As they finished their lunch, a great black car drew up.

"Want a ride, kids?"

"Sure, mister," was the answer as both boys scrambled to their feet.

The man reminded the boys of a well-known villain of the movies, but a ride was a ride.

"Where are you bound for?" asked the man from the corner of his mouth, the other side being occupied with a large cigar.

"California," answered the boys. Their fright allowed only one word to escape.

"Why California?" the man questioned.

"Gold," again a monosyllable.

The ride continued in silence for some time. The man, seemingly absorbed in thought, suddenly turned to the boys and said gruffly, "It's just occurred to me. I'll be able to demand a large ransom for this job."

It was so sudden and terrifying that the boys remained silent. The highway on which they now rode was dark and deserted. The

speedometer showed that they were going 80. There was no chance of jumping.

"He can't do it, can he?" whispered Ted in an awed voice.

"I don't know, but I'm scared," was Jimmy's answer.

The car turned into a narrow lane and continued over many bumps, abruptly coming to a stop in front of a deserted shack.

"O. K. boys, this is where we get out."

The two frightened lads slunk out of the car and proceeded as directed into the cabin. There they were tied to chairs. The man said he was leaving them to send the note demanding ransom. While he was gone, the boys worked frantically at their bonds and after a hard struggle wrenched them off. As soon as they realized that they were free, they ran from the house.

"Jimmie, you know where we are? This is the main road leading home."

"Yeah, I know. What's that?" and the hoot of a wise old owl sent them running again.

Between pants for breath, Butch managed to say, "We'd better hurry before that guy gets back. Maybe he has a gun."

An hour later there was a joyful reunion of parents and the lost boys. The prodigal sons were both embraced and scolded.

"Gosh, I guess I'd better do my algebra to-night," said Ted.

"Even algebra's better than being with that man. Guess I'll wait to go to California," was Jimmie's answer.

Outside, a typical movie villain laughed as he remarked, "Well, that is my good deed for to-day. I guess I gave them a scare to teach them a lesson." And the newly elected truant officer climbed into his black car and drove off.

—*Jeanne M. Welch*, '40

* * *

The Scholastic Zoo

Algebra, Geometry, History, too,
Scholastic animals in a scholastic zoo,
They growl and snarl with a terrible noise
At their daring trainers of girls and boys.

Clawing and pawing to tangle the mind
Of each fearless trainer who shows not
a sign

Of the turmoil, struggle, strife and fight,
They have to put up with each school-day
night.

—*Joyce M. Benoit*, '40

* * *

A Coach's Dream

Things were truly going great—

For each fellow on my team,
Was a sweet ten-second sprinter
And rangy as a dream.

Who could charge and block and tackle,
Who could punt and forward pass,
Like nobody's darned business.
They were what I labeled class.

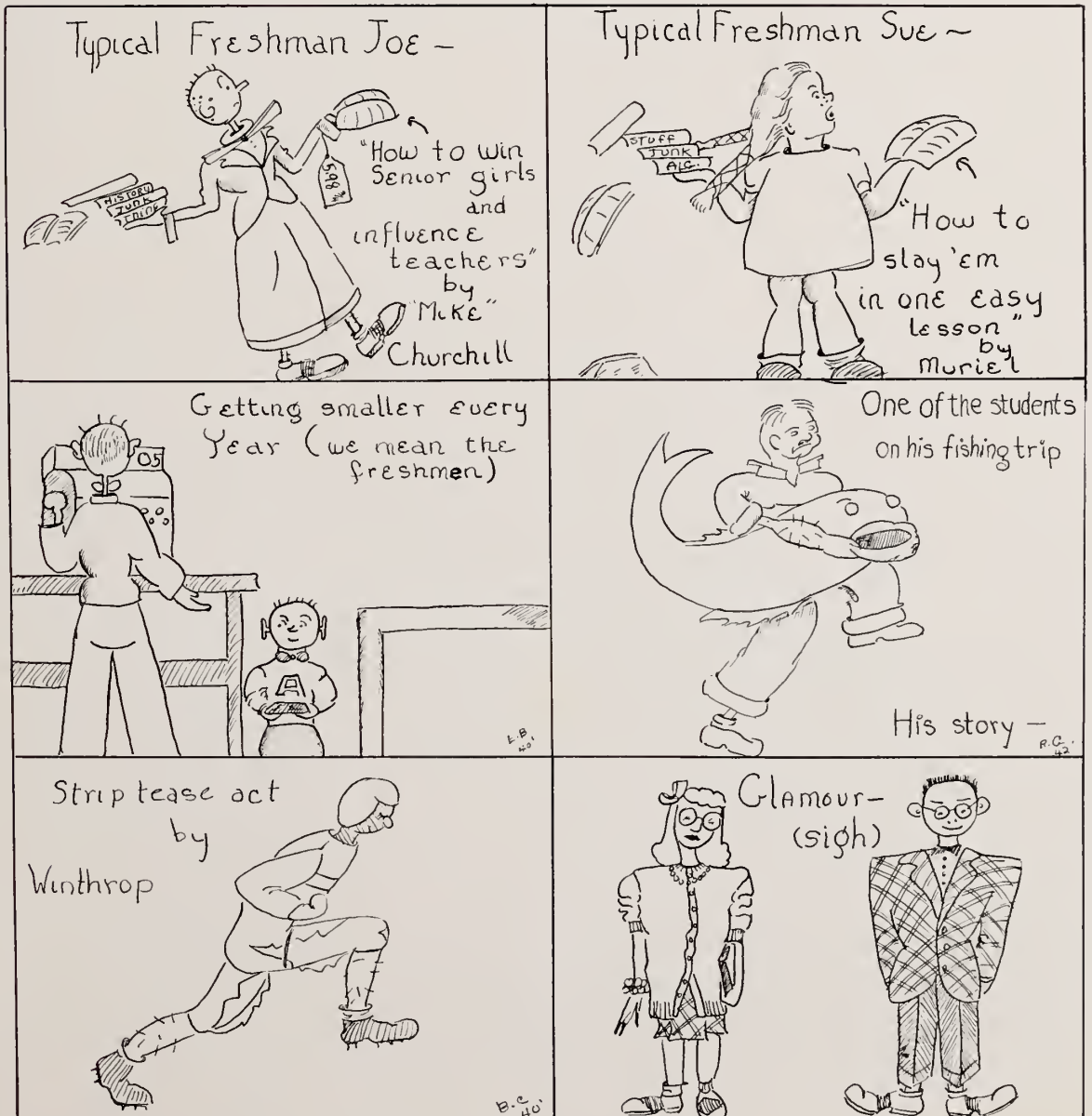
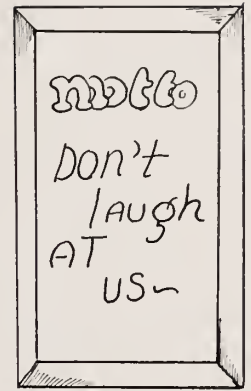
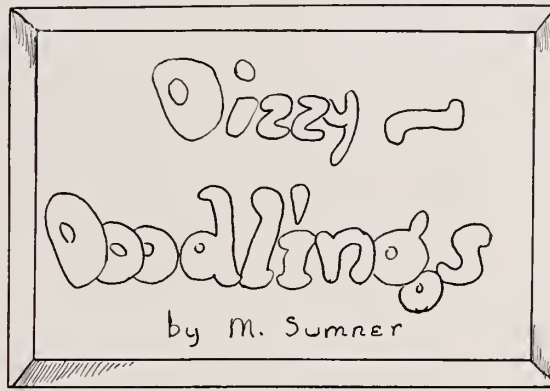
We defeated Yale and Princeton,
On October afternoons.
Next we walloped Harvard U.

To a sixty-nothing tune.
Then we batted down the Navy—
Washington and Georgia Tech.
Who came out of that fierce battle,
Nothing but a rambling wreck.

We took Penn across the hurdles
In a hard two-fisted game.
We licked Michigan and Pittsburgh.
And then steamrolled Notre Dame.
And without a score against us—
We went rambling to the coast,
Where we humbled Southern Cal.
In the presence of a host.

Without anybody squawking
That we didn't have the stuff,
All-American they named us—
Which was anything but tough.
Then I started from my dozing.
"Why it's three o'clock! Ho-hum.
Have to bustle out a practice,
With a squad that's slow and dumb."

—*John McBurney*, '42



HOOTS

ART CARLSON, '40

FRED HOLDEN, '41

ESTHER EDWARDS, '42

Chums and readers of the Bits that Bite,

If you really want to enjoy these jokes, poke the guy in the eye who's looking over your shoulder and tell him to buy his own "Blue Owl." Then carefully smuggle the mag out of school under your coat. When home, go to your room, shoo the kid brother out from under the bed, hang out a "Don't Disturb" sign, padlock the door, and again turn to this page.

Incidentally we have been asked to mention that there is another so-called "humor" department in this grandifecent magazine. So if you haven't anything better to do (and who hasn't), you might turn to something or other called "Bits that Bite."

Those 2½ drips,
Art, Esther and Fred,
drip, drip, dr—

* *

Miss Daley—"Keats, hoping to get well, went to Italy."

Dwyer (coming out of a sound sleep)—
"What kind of keats were they? Boys or girls?"

* *

Pete—"Do you know the difference between being good and being bad?"

Iteh—"What's the difference?"

Pete—"That's what I say!"

* *

Chiek—"Gimme some ginger-ale."

Soda Jerk—"Pale?"

Chick—"Naw, a glass will do!"

* *

The teacher was testing the knowledge of the kindergarten class. Putting a half-dollar on the desk, she said, "What is it?" Flavin, in his childish treble voice, piped up from a back seat, "Tails!"

And here we have a suggestion for a thoughtful gesture on the part of A. H. S. students. To relieve our poor over-worked teachers, why not follow the example of Red Rivers. At the bottom of a history paper she considerably added, in a small envelope, one aspirin!

* *

A. H. S. BOOK LIST

Alone—Betty Pierce (oh yeah!)

Gone with the Wind—Lewis Treen

The General's Lady—Mrs. Garland

Idiot's Delight—Elliot Pierce (?)

Hellzapopin—1:40

Northwest Passage—second floor, back corridor

Four Feathers—Bergh, Holt, Rounseville, and Lagerholm.

The Yearling—Porky Boardman

Listen! The Wind—a year ago September

Private Worlds—Alden M. and Barbara H.

My Son—My Son!—Mr. Markman at a football game

Away from It all—Olive Clark

Young Man with a Horn—Eddie Fonger

On the Bottom—Shorty Lee

Grapes of Wrath—Owen Johnson

How to Win Friends and Influence

People—Mike Churchill

House of Exile—session room

* *

Well, about this time most of the freshmen have gotten over their first thrill—going up the down-stairway without getting caught.

* *

Miss Hilliard to Annie O'Hina—"What would you do if you were all alone on the edge of a desert and a pack of wolves came to your door? Would you shoot at them or invite them in?"

A. O'Hina—"Shoot 'em!" (but she didn't mean it!)

* *

Ray—"All the girls fall for what Eddie Brennan hands out."

Byron—"Why, has he got a line?"

Ray—"No, he's cashier in the lunch room!"

* *

Dale—"Those two peroxide blonds from North at the Thanksgiving game certainly made a lot of noise!"

Bob—"Yeah, the bleachers surely went wild."

* *

Howd'ja like to see—

Mr. Spatcher keep a Buick more than one year?

Miss Edith Claflin hand out a session?

Miss Graves without a Latin book in her hand?

Coach Tozier without an "eagle eye" out for a likely football candidate?

Miss Greenberg when she isn't handing you a slip—for something or other?

Miss Hilliard in sweater, skirt and saddle shoes?

Mr. Hall without anything to do?

Mr. MacDonald without that freshly-scrubbed look?

Mr. Edgett without a worried look?

* *

The one bright spot in that 29-0 shellacking came when the trousers of a young gentleman from Winthrop began slowly to disintegrate on the field of battle. The only thing that saved the game from turning into a striptease, was the withdrawal of the young man by his coach.

* *

FOOLOSOPHIES

Don't count your pennies until their matched.

Love makes the world go around. If you don't believe it, give it a whirl!

Some of the freshmen girls are hopelessly simple, most of them simply hopeless!

There's sure to be an accident when the train of thought gets derailed in a one-track mind! Are ya listenin', Bits that Bite?

When an auto stops by the roadside in the daytime, that's trouble. After dark—that's romance!

A cat has nine lives, but a frog croaks every day!

We still say you should have seen this department before it was censored.

* *

Bobby Pettitt—"They laughed when I sat down at the piano—some dumbbell had removed the seat!"

* *

Bob Fryefield, seeing Mr. Gibb work out with the Glee Club for the first time, asked—"Why does that man hit at those kids with a stick?"

Ray Maynard—"He's not hitting 'em. Shut up!"

Bob—"Well, then, what are they hollering for?"

* *

Rosebud—"I'm bored to death. Take me some place."

Gene—"But, darling, it's raining cats and dogs outside."

Rosebud—"Well, you won't be any better off if we stay inside!"

Healey—"Why, what do you mean?"

Rosebud—"I'll get catty and treat you like a dog!"

* *

Questions from the perplexed and bewildered to those wise, benevolent, brilliant, intelligent, profound, and erudite editors of Hoots:

Dear Droops,

I am greatly distressed over the condition of my hair. I comb it sixteen times a day and thirty-two on Sundays, plaster with it with axle grease and used crank-case oil, and have my kid brother stand on it! Still it wants to

tickie the tip of my nose. This problem bothers me more than my calculus and any suggestion will be greatly appreciated.

Frantic,
Stanley Holbrook.

Dear Dishevelled,

Get some heavy grease from Mr. Spatcher, and then see Mr. Goding about several kinds of acids including sulphuric, nitric, and fluoric. Mix well to a consistency of sour mushroom sauce at 25 degrees F. Rub well into the scalp and soon your worries will vanish. (So will your hair.)

If you don't like the above suggestion, see a barber about a Rah-Rah!

Don't mention it,
Me 'n Art

* *

Dear Thaph,

I lithp thomething awful. Everybody makth fun of little me, even my thteady. Tho will you pleathe tholve thith dithtrething quethtion?

Thincereely yourth,
Thue—Thmith

Dear Thue (ooph, thorry)

We're stumped, but if you send a self-addressed envelope to "Steve" Parker, she'll give you full particulars on how she corrected her lisping.

'Twas nothing,
Me 'n' Fred

* *

Dear Master-mind (gee, thanks!)

The femme I drag around with me is quite fickle (aren't they all?). One minute she makes me think that I'm being played for a sucker, and the next she has me floating in heaven. Will you kindly inform me how I can find out if I'm being taken for a ride or not?

Hopefully,
C. O'Nelley

Our Pal,

This very important question has been asked and answered since time immemorial. Therefore, we herewith submit our humble opinion based on our extensive experiments in the matter. If she asks to be taken home at—

11:00 p. m.—sucker!

12:00 p. m.—at least she thinks of you

1:00 a. m.—well, maybe

2:00 a. m. or after—you're all set!

From one who knows,
Prof. S. Orr

* *

Recently Win Bergh had that darling curl of his removed (the one that was always trying to wrestle with his left eyebrow). About the same time yours truly saw a certain Bev Truell pass notes to him. Draw your own conclusions!

* *

Guess what's new? Charles A. Markman has a new sport jacket—a luscious combination of brown and daintily-dotted, baby-blue spots. It may not seem bad from a distance (a mile or more), but to sit beside it a whole Latin period, anyone would have astigmatism!

* *

Antaya—"What does this mean: ÜCDRR? GIDO2. SQUIRREL FOOD!"

Apps—"Aw, easy! You see de railroad? Gee, I do, too. Nuts!"

* *

Vi—"This is my mad money."

Gloria—"What! Only a penny?"

Vi—"Yah, I drop it in the scale, and gosh, do I get mad!"

* *

O'Brien—"Martineau never tips his hat to a lady."

Second Sap—"No hat?"

O'Brien—"No hair!"

* *

Student—"But I don't think I deserve a zero."

Prof.—"Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give."

* *

Teacher—"If you had good brains, Tommy, what would you invent?"

Tommy—"Something that would do my lessons if I just pressed a button."

Teacher—"You lazy boy! Now Billy, you are not lazy. What would you invent?"

Billy—"Something to press the button."

SCHOOL NOTES

BETTY LEE WELLS, '40

NORMA RIOUX, '41

BETTY MOULTON, '42

Another year rolls around, and old and new activities get underway once more. As your columnists, we have tried to collect here for you all the important news of the school. Our only aim is to please, so we hope that you will all not only be satisfied with what we have to offer, but also really *interested*.

The Senior Social was quite a success this year, thanks to the committee made up of Dave Rounseville, Charlie Markman, Marjorie Holt, Gerard Boucher, Estelle Cameron, Ray Maynard, Bertha Sumner, Bob Pettitt and Bob Holt, and to the support of the student body. The gym was decked out in autumn leaves and crepe paper in appropriate fall colors, and music was furnished by the "Little Brown Jugglers", a band composed of students and recent alumni.

At last field hockey has arrived, and to stay we hope. A good crowd of girls turned out for it and they practice regularly three days a week under the supervision of Miss Covell and Miss Fillmore. By next fall the coaches hope to have a regular team whipped up, which will be able to play teams of other schools.

A Camera Club has been formed under the sponsorship of Mr. MacDonald. Ray Wheeler, '41, was elected President; Don Shields, '43, Vice-President; Sydney Makowsky, '42, Treasurer; and Ernie Rotenberg, '42, Secretary. Frank O'Neil, local photographer, is very much interested in the organization, and promises to lend his assistance whenever it is needed.

Much appreciation is shown by the pupils for the new cafeteria. Everyone is able to find a seat at the tables, and the crowd that used to prevail has thinned out quite a bit. The cashiers are kept very busy during the recess, and they must be fast and accurate as

there is a steady stream of pupils going past the counter.

The old Drivers' Club has been re-established in the school with Mr. Goding as instructor. This class is proving to be very beneficial both to those students who already have their licenses and to those who plan to get theirs in the future. Books have been purchased and road maps distributed among club members, and there is a general discussion held at every meeting on the various chapters in the books.

Mr. Cooper's special advanced Biology class for pupils who have attained a B or higher for the previous year in biology is progressing successfully, and discussions have been held at every meeting on subjects chosen by vote of the members of the class.

This year's cheer leaders have formed a club to coach the future cheerleaders. Four girls and two boys from each of the three under-classes are to be chosen. This year's juniors will lead the cheers next year to replace those cheerleaders who will be graduated this year, and this year's sophomores will be leaders the year after, etc. This seems to be an excellent plan, for now a lot of time won't have to be wasted at the beginning of each school year in training the new cheerleaders.

Hi-Y is once more underway with Tom O'Brien as President, Tom Johnston as Secretary, and Elliot Pierce as Treasurer. Tri-Y too is getting started after some necessary delays.

The annual Senior Play was put on Friday evening, November 17, and it was really a hit! A farce, called "The Dutch Detective" which had the unusually large audience in stitches most of the time. It was the story of a not-too-bright Dutch detective, Charles Cooper,

and his search for two escaped lunatics. Into his adventures get mixed up Bob Nelson as Jabo Grabb, sheriff and T. C. (thief catcher) of Splinterville; Calista Elliot as Grabb's sweetheart, Ambrosia McCarthy; Priscilla Brown as an over-romantic old maid, Araminty Sourdrops; Rosemond Brown and Elliot Pierce as the Coos, a pair of newly-weds; Shirley Uhlig as Katrina, loving fiancée of the Dutch detective; Arthur Carlson in the role of young Mrs. Coo's tyrannical father; and last but not least, the two lunatics Estelle Cameron and Bob Pettitt, the looniest pair of lunatics yet to be seen. The entire cast did themselves proud, as did their coach, Miss Churchill.

By the way, we were interested to note that at the play the programs were printed by the newly-established Printing Club, and a nice job it was too. A lot of credit ought to be given to this organization, for we certainly need a thing like this in the school.

A group from the Blue Owl Staff attended a meeting of the Southeastern Massachusetts League of School Publications in Middleboro on October 22. The committee was composed of Editor David Rounseville, Faculty Advisor Miss Farr, and Harold Fine, Muriel Childs, Anita Treen, and Betty Moulton of the staff. First the group registered, then they went to the Assembly Hall where there were two welcomes given. One was by Mr. J. Stearns Cushing, Superintendent of Schools in Middleboro, the other by Mr. Lindsay J. March, Principal of Middleboro High School. From there each one went to a different room for meetings of different departments of a school paper. From five to six o'clock Mr. John Sweeney, a reporter, gave an address on "Everyday Reporting." At six o'clock a business meeting was held, and this was followed by two short and amusing plays. There was dancing in the gymnasium at nine o'clock to top off the conference.

Representatives from the Student Council attended a convention at Fairhaven High School on November 8. Those attending were Mr. Gleason, Barbara Jeffers, Ralph Schultheiss, Beverly Truell and Fred Holden. After registering there was an Assembly

where they were welcomed by Mr. Flavel M. Gifford and Mr. Chester M. Downing. An address was also given by Mr. Mayor M. Magoon on "The Opportunity of the Student Council." A business meeting followed at the completion of which each student attended a special meeting on different subjects. There was dancing in the gymnasium followed by supper in the cafeteria. At seven-thirty two plays were presented after which the group returned home.

Remember that first Civic Music Concert at which ten High School girls ushered? One of these young ladies approached the pianist, Franz Rupp, and asked him for his ticket. Was her face red when she found out who he was! He presented a program of classical music composed by Bach, Schubert, Beethoven, Brahms, Liszt and Chopin.

* * *

Snap-Shots and Such

Bop! and another flash bulb goes off in a pair of dancers' faces.

An upper class girl exclaims to her partner, "Gee, that sophomore, Bob Archer, covers everything that happens here in old Attleboro High with that camera of his."

"Yep," the fellow says, "an' I hear that everything he works with is inexpensive. His camera was given to him, I guess, but he has built his own enlarger that uses the camera's lens and a synchronizer for his flash gun. Besides he does his own developing and printing, too. And boy, does he get results! Some of the pro's around town say he's one of the best photogs around here. He'll have a job waiting for him when he finishes school. He says he owes almost everything he's learned about photography to the A. H. S. Camera Club.

Now, of course, you know that this story is fictitious, but you can learn at Camera Club how to make pictures from the start to the finish literally. The developing, printing, and enlarging are more than half of the fun you can get out of photography. Those who are intensely interested in this fascinating business

and hobby are eligible for membership if they are students in good standing or faculty members.

Ray Wheeler, '41—President
 Donald Shields, '43—Vice-President
 Sydney Makowsky, '42—Treasurer
 Ernest Rotenberg, '42—Secretary
 Arthur Chase, '41—Custodian of Property
 Marian Mayall, '41—Publicity Manager

* * *

Hi-Y Club

The Hi-Y has started a new year under the leadership of the following: Tom O'Brien, President; Tom Bliss, Vice-President; Tom Johnston, Secretary; and Elliot Pierce, Treasurer.

Meetings—a supper and business meeting—are held at the Y. M. C. A. on the first and third Thursday of the month respectively. The guest speaker at the October supper was Coach George Allison of the A. H. S. faculty. Mr. Allison spoke on football from the standpoint of both player and spectator. At the November meeting the members had the privilege of hearing Miss Annie Shand of the class of '39 tell of her adventures when she became stranded in Scotland at the outbreak of the present war and of her return voyage to the U. S. A. on board a British merchantman.

Plans are already being made for the big Hi-Y dance which is to be held in the A. H. S. Gym in January. A dance committee, composed of Bob Holt, Gerard Boucher, and Dale Osterberg, is working hard to make this a successful event. The entire high school is invited to attend. Tickets may be obtained from Hi-Y members for 40c.

—Tom Johnston

* * *

Walter L.—“Teacher, could you tell me how high the fence is around Community Field?”

Mr. Lee (experienced)—“High enough to rip your pants on.”

MUSIC NOTES

Orchestra and Music Theory

The average pupil who hurries through the corridors from class to class never stops to consider the importance of the musical activities of Attleboro High School. The orchestra tunes up weekly for assemblies, and practices diligently every Wednesday at 1:40 to the beat of Mr. Gibb's baton. The freshman class this year has proved to be very musical, and the orchestra, especially, has profited from this. A guitar, 'cello, accordion, violins, and an instrument called the bells are the additions to our rapidly growing orchestra. Mr. Gibb has been trying out variations of the pieces which are known to all, and a favorite with many is the trio of the bells played by Peirce Smith, '42, the accordion manipulated by Constance Cederberg, '41, and the piano with Brita Leffler, '42. The orchestra made its first public appearance this season at the Senior Play, “The Dutch Detective,” presented on Friday, November 17.

Music enthusiasts who have had private study on some instrument occupy the assembly on Monday during period X. In this theory class, which deals in the study of harmony, some records have been played which illustrate the principles of that subject. That the music activities of A. H. S. are growing more and more important to students may be seen by the popularity of these activities.

—Priscilla Garland '42

* * *

Glee Club

The Glee Club has made a wonderful beginning this year. The girls are very well represented in this group, which has approximately 72 members. The boys, however, are rather scarce. It can't be that they are too bashful to come in and show us what good tenor and bass voices they have, can it? We wonder.

Mr. Gibb plans to present “Iolanthe” as this year's operetta. He will not produce it,

however, is there are not enough tenors and basses to play the parts of the "Peers" in the chorus. He also needs both girls and boys to play the leading parts, and to rival the excellent job done by the cast in last year's presentation of "The Pirates of Penzance." "Iolanthe" is a story of fairies and has a plot which pokes fun at the fairy kingdom.

When the operetta books for this year arrive, the Glee Club will no longer have to sing from the now familiar red and green books. At present popular songs of a certain type as well as the always appreciated classics are enjoyed by the members of the Glee Club every Thursday during the fifty minutes after 1:40 in which everyone "pours his heart into the songs." Why don't you come in some Thursday afternoon and see how much fun you can really have while Mr. Gibb is perched on his little platform, giving us his aid and directing us with his usual alertness for future operatic sensations?

Please come to Glee Club. Your musical support is needed very much. It is hardly ever too late to sign up, not if you have a good, strong voice that the audience of "Iolanthe" can hear away up to the very back seat on the balcony. Don't forget to appear next Thursday. We'll be looking for you.

* * *

Freshman Glee Club

The Freshman Glee Club is coming along very well. There are as many fine singers in this group as there are in the regular Glee Club. The tenor voices are especially good and there are about three times as many boys as in the regular Glee Club, which shows that the freshmen, if allowed to sing in the operetta, will supply many good "Peers." There are only two basses. The sopranos and altos have very good voices and if they keep coming to Glee Club, they will soon be able to take leading roles in the operettas.

—*Janet Wallenthin, '42*

Band Notes

When you bought your ticket to the North game, you were not only paying for a fine football game, but also for the chance to witness the finest showing of the band. The band members admit that they have never had such vigorous practice as they have received within the last three weeks.

This year we had not only the North football team worried, but also the North Band. Our Band introduced some new selections, one of which was the "Beer Barrel Polka."

Through the efforts of Mr. Freeman Hall and Mr. Harry Cooper of the faculty, the band has started off on its right foot. Ray Shepard, who has been elected President of the band, is doing a very creditable job. Keep it up, Ray!

This year our band knew the school song, "Ki-Yi, Kiyikus—," and with the help of the cheering section put the song across in grand style.

We didn't win the football game but we certainly won the contest between the two bands.

—*Charles Cooper, '40*

* * *

"CHRONOLOGICALLY SPEAKING"

Great men live, and great men die.

Women laugh, and women cry.

Time moves on like a dizzy top.

It started once and will not stop.

Lincoln once was President.

To Billy Bones a spot was sent.

Notes have passed from hand to hand,

And bullets passed from land to land.

Romeo took the hardest way

To hear his little cherry bray,

"Oh, wherefore art thou, sonny boy?"

Was she in love or merely coy?

Napoleon lost at Waterloo.

Mrs. VanAstor threatens to sue.

The Constitution is still intact,

The treasury fund is sadly alack.

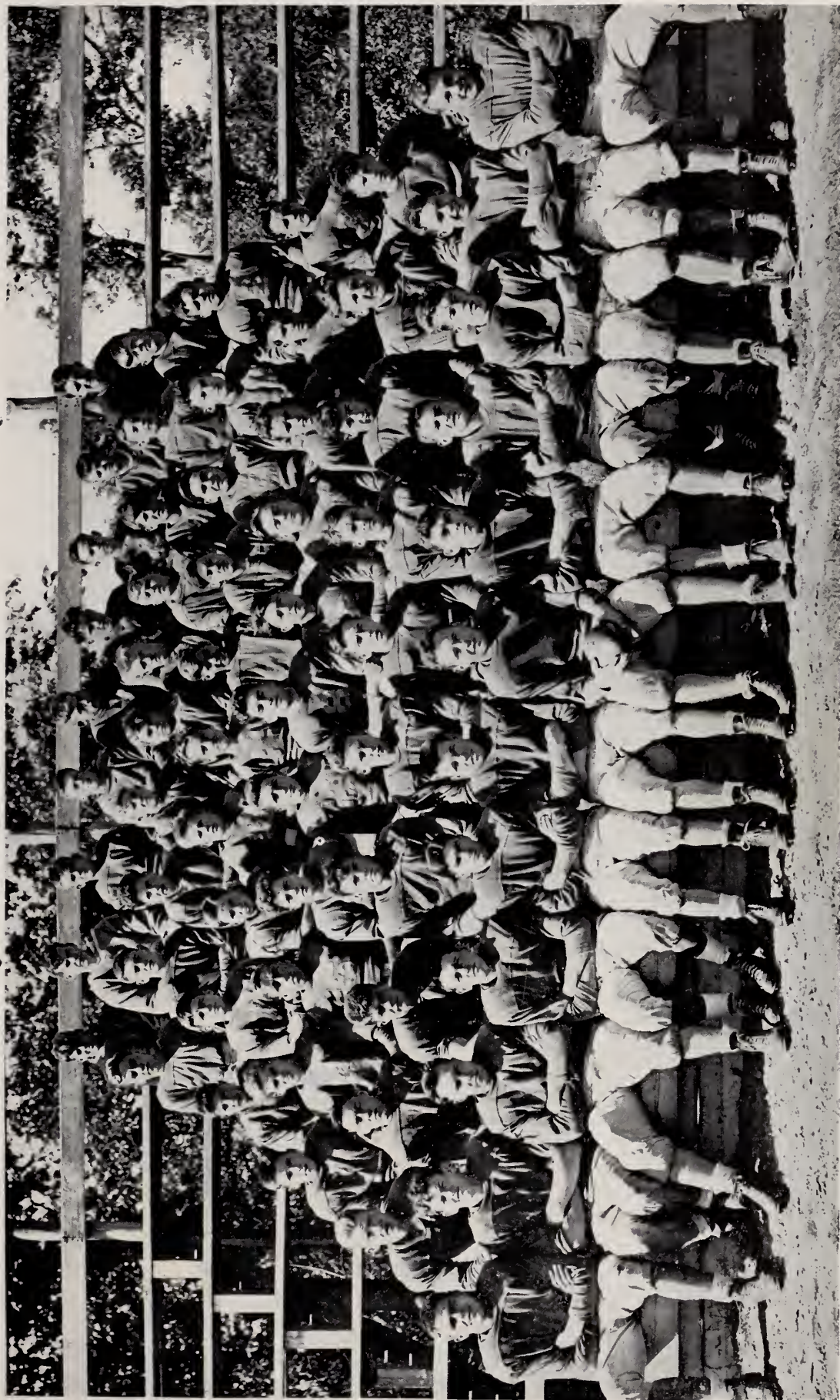
Drums along the Mohawk beat,

And Washington once froze his feet,

—But beside one fact, these all fall flat!

My teacher has a brand new hat!

—*Frank Westerberg, '42*



FRONT ROW—Owen Johnson, Peter Pinnoci, Otto Ockert, Charles Markman, Mark Mercier, Shorty Lee, William Madden, Mel Young, Herman Goff, Jim Drake, Jim O'Neil, Martin Slutsky.
 SECOND ROW—Dick Klebes, Ed Perry, John Remington, Bob Chamillard, Ed Doucette, Larry Johnson, Russell Baker, Tony Jordan, Alex Charest, Bud Shockoo,
 THIRD ROW—Ted Manchegier, Bob Gariepy, Jerry Caswell, Babe Gorman, Abe Levantthal, Jim Wallace, Jake Armell, Ted Healey, Bob Doucette, Ed Vieira, Pete Mercier.
 FOURTH ROW—Patsy Ruggio, Wilfred Plante, Matthew Kullaga, Ken Barr, Carl Cooke, Fred Flanders, Ray Piette, Ray O'Brien, Maynard Sallett, Charles Mandeville.
 FIFTH ROW—Bob Perry, Ken Charest, Jim Mulligan, Earl Ebert, Bob Allard, Art Rollins, Phil Cronan, Harry Borden, Clayton Vickery, Earl Kiff.
 SIXTH ROW—Milt Jacques, Art Pines, Tony Santos, Vic Johnson, Bob Butterworth, John Halko, John Head, Luther Lovejoy, Earl Richards.

ATHLETICS

Charles Shields, '40

Erling Lagerholm, '40

John McBurney, '42

Myrtle Higson, '42

FOOTBALL

ATTLEBORO 6-ALUMNI 0

Attleboro High School raised the curtain on the 1939 football season with a thrilling 6-0 triumph over the Alumni at Hayward Field on September 22.

The only score of the contest came in the third quarter when Captain Red Madden intercepted one of Andy Voikas' forward passes on the graduates' twenty-yard line. On the next play Shorty Lee raced around left end for a touchdown.

Late in the final quarter, the Alumni threw a scare into the High School's hopes for victory when they staged a fifty-two yard march. Voikas passed the grads to a first down on the Attleboro ten-yard line. Ray Franklin then smashed off tackle for two yards, and Lapham, finding a hole in the center, fought his way down to the three-yard line, a five yard gain. The time began to run short and the Alumni made one more desperate attempt to knot the count. Voikas smashed into the center of the Attleboro line, but he ran into a stonewall in the High School's center and left guard finally being pulled down only two feet from scoring territory. At this point, the gun sounded ending the game. Although some said the gun aided Attleboro's cause most fans went home satisfied that Attleboro had won a well deserved victory.

Shorty Lee, Red Madden, Peter Pinocci, and Tip O'Neil starred for the victors while Dave Niven, Andy Voikas and Ray Franklin formed the spearhead of the losers' attack.

WINTHROP 29-ATTLEBORO 0

Opening its regular football season at Hayward Field, Attleboro High was whitewashed by Winthrop High School, 29-0. Taking advantage of each opportunity, including a blocked kick in the opening moments of the game, Winthrop rushed into an early lead.

Attleboro continually threatened by virtue of its passing attack. These same passes, however, proved Attleboro's enemies, as Winthrop intercepted many of them, and once, on a ninety-five yard interception, by Captain Bowman, they repulsed the Blue's main threat.

Captain Bowman was the individual star of the game, being a thorn in Attleboro's side all afternoon.

Attleboro's running attack was checked throughout by the strong Winthrop line but they showed a flashy passing combination in Lee and Markman.

Although they did not score, Attleboro served notice to future opponents that their passing attack is strong enough to cause much trouble and that with the improvement of their attack and pass defense, they should have a very successful season.

* * *

ATTLEBORO 12-DURFEE 6

After the Winthrop relapse, Attleboro really went to town in defeating the boys from Fall River who played without the services of their captain, Charley Carey. Durfee opened with a bang after recovering an Attleboro fumble in midfield. With three passes and a few plunges, Durfee reached the ten-yard line

Picture of Football Team through courtesy of the Pawtucket Times

after reeling off four first downs. Then Captain Madden recovered a fumble at the ten-yard line and the picture changed. Before the period ended Attleboro drove to the Durfee eight yard line within striking distance of the goal line. From here the attack bogged down with Durfee recovering another Attleboro fumble. Until the close of the period both teams battled back and forth without a score.

Two minutes after the kickoff in the second half, Shorty Lee intercepted a pass and ran forty-five yards through a broken field for the first score. Later in the same period Bill Madden broke through and blocked a punt, the ball being given to Attleboro on the Durfee eight. On the second play, Lee passed to Madden in the end zone for our second score. Durfee now tried passing, but numerous interceptions and the steady defense play held them in check for the rest of the game.

* * *

ATTLEBORO 13—PLYMOUTH 0

The Blue and White of Attleboro High soared high as the Bombardiers completely outclassed from start to finish a game Plymouth eleven at Hayward Field.

The first half was scoreless, but only penalties and fumbles stopped Attleboro from scoring. Twice the home town boys got within the Plymouth ten yard line but were unable to cross the goal line. The second half was a different story. Early in the third quarter Attleboro staged a fifty-eight yard drive with Markman scoring from the three. Madden place-kicked the extra point. After the kick-off Madden intercepted a pass on his own forty-one and Attleboro marched fifty yards to the nine. At this point the third period ended, but when play resumed in the fourth period, Markman passed to Lee for a touchdown.

The play of the Attleboro forward line, which was composed of O'Neil, Doucette, Young, Ockert, Chamillard, Slutsky and Madden, was the outstanding feature of the contest.

ATTLEBORO 21—SOMERVILLE TRADE 0

Attleboro won its third straight victory in the game with Somerville Trade at Hayward Field. Outplayed in the first half, the Blue and White came back to tally once in the third quarter and twice in the final period as Somerville fell apart. The only threat of the first half was made by Somerville. Jim Pesce, who played a brilliant game for the visitors led his team deep into Attleboro territory and was stopped only when Jim Drake intercepted a pass on the Attleboro ten-yard line. Charley Markman reeled off eighteen yards on the next play and Somerville never threatened again. In the third period Attleboro capitalized on a bad kick to score its first touchdown which was made by Lee. Red Madden kicked the extra point and the score stood at 7-0 when the third period ended.

It was late in the final period before Attleboro scored its second touchdown which was again made by Lee, who intercepted a pass and galloped twenty-five yards for the score. Markman drop kicked the extra point.

The final touchdown resulted also from a pass interception, this time by Klebes who intercepted on the visitors' thirty-eight and ran nineteen yards before he was brought down. Two plays later Mercier scored on an off tackle play. Klebes booted the extra point and this ended the scoring for the day. Jim Lee and Charley Markman starred for Attleboro.

* * *

FAIRHAVEN 0—ATTLEBORO 0

The Attleboro High football forces journeyed to Fairhaven Saturday to encounter the strong Fairhaven eleven. The scoreless tie showed as well as anything the way the teams were matched.

After taking the opening kickoff the Blue and White led by Charlie Markman and Jim Lee carried to the Fairhaven thirteen-yard line, where the Attleboro attack failed.

Fairhaven rushed for three first downs and the ball was on the Attleboro eight-yard line. After a five yard gain, the Blue and White held

and Charlie Markman got off one of his many fine kicks of the day which drove the Fairhaven safety man to his forty-two yard line. This ended Fairhaven's only real offensive thrust of the game. Attleboro threatened many more times but the team failed to put it over.

On the defense the vicious tackling of Eddie Doucette was outstanding for Attleboro. Red Madden again starred and Jim Lee and Charlie Markman were best for the Attleboro team on the offense.

* * *

COYLE 2—ATTLEBORO 0

Attleboro High traveled to Taunton to meet the undefeated, untied, and unscored-on Coyle team which proved to be the best game played on Father Woodley field this year. Early in the game Attleboro gained the ball and drove far into Coyle territory on several long runs, but the strong Coyle line held them time after time. Coyle made a late threat in the first half which Attleboro quelled.

Coyle took the ball at the opening of the second half and drove and passed to the one-yard line with four down to go. Here the sturdy Attleboro team withstood the Coyle assault and finally took the ball on the one-inch line. But after a story book goal line stand, a bad pass from center shot past Charlie Markman out of the playing field, and two points were awarded Coyle. Now Attleboro fought hard and gambled on many passes, one of which Bill Madden caught and brought to the nine yard stripe. After gaining four yards on two rushes, Lee sent a pass to Madden who had it in his arms only to have it knocked out by Coughlin, a sub back of Coyle. Here a field goal attempt was called for, while the whole crowd rose to its feet and tensely watched this play, but the kick was low and off center. Both teams battled evenly around the middle of the field for the rest of the game, and after the final whistle, Coyle still had its marvellous record intact.

TAUNTON 13—ATTLEBORO 6

For the second week in a row the favored Attleboro team rode to Taunton which proved to be a jinx city for this year. Evenly matched, both teams made two first downs in the first period. In the second quarter Attleboro fought deep into Taunton territory, with a Lee to Markman pass being good for a touchdown. A pass for the extra point failed. This was the first time this year that Attleboro had scored in the first half.

In the second half Taunton came out fighting for a score that would tie the game or go ahead, and looking for every break they could find or make. One came when Ramussen intercepted a lateral, but Taunton lost the ball on downs. Another came when Pratt recovered an Attleboro fumble and from here Taunton smashed for a touchdown, but missed the extra point. Later Taunton again started rolling deep into Attleboro's back yard only to be held for three plays while on the fourth an attempted field goal fell short of its target. After a short Attleboro punt, Taunton again took up the reins and passed for a fifteen-yard gain. Then Gagnon on two plays went through the tired A. H. S. team for Taunton's second score while this time Gwozdz kicked the extra point. For the short time left, Attleboro played a wide open game of razzle-dazzle football, and after a completed pass, the game ended.

* * *

ATTLEBORO 20—WALPOLE 13

The Blue and White closed their home season with a 20-13 victory over a heavy and hard charging Walpole team.

The Attleboro attack started to click after receiving the kickoff. On the fourth play of the game, Shorty Lee, after spinning to wing-back Charlie Markman found a large hole in the center of the Walpole line. After getting in the Walpole secondary, he outran the two remaining Walpole men. Markman drop-kicked for the conversion.

Led by a hard charging backfield, Walpole struck back, and on a beautiful pass to Neville scored. Their try for the extra point failed.

Jim Lee made another Blue and White touchdown when he crashed center for eight yards.

The other Attleboro score resulted from a pass to Tip O'Neil which was deflected into his arms and he raced the remaining forty yards for the touchdown. Red Klebes place-kicked the extra point.

For Attleboro Mel Young, Charlie Markman and Jim Lee were the best, and Neville, with his pass catching, featured the Walpole attack.

* * *

NORTH ATTLEBORO 7—ATTLEBORO 0

The Attleboro High School forces traveled to North Attleboro on Turkey Day to meet the once beaten Red Raiders. They came back on the short end of a 7-0 score.

Without the services of their captain and star end Bill Madden the Blue and White completely outplayed the North boys in the first half. On the first play of the game, John Halko, surprise starter in the Attleboro backfield, fumbled and Charlie Markman quickly covered it. Forced to punt, Markman got off a beautiful kick which backed up Nardelli, but he evaded the first Attleboro tackler and raced fifteen yards before being stopped. North failed to gain and Smith punted toward the end of the first period when Attleboro started to threaten. Led by Jim Lee's rushes and reverses to Markman the Attleboro team was soon on the North twenty yard line. In three plays the Blue and White could pick up only six yards and on fourth down Charlie Markman dropped back to attempt a field goal. The kick was low and North gained the ball on their fifteen yard line. Failing to gain, Hall called on Smith to punt, but the Attleboro secondary led by Jim Lee were in too fast and the kick was blocked and recovered by Owen Johnson. Attleboro went within the North ten yard line with four downs and goal to go, but as in previous games this season the Attleboro attack seemed to "fizzle" inside the opponents' ten yard line, and the Blue and

White missed on their fourth down touchdown play.

This time the North line held and the resulting punt ended Attleboro's threat.

North opened the second half with an entirely new offensive plan. Whereas, in the first half they had been content to rely on Ralph Hall's off tackle slashes in this second half they started the passes which were to lead to Attleboro's defeat.

On a beautiful thirty-five yard pass midway in the third quarter from Ralph Hall to Gordon Feid, Red and White end from North Attleboro threatened for the first time in the game. With Ralph Hall battering the center of the Attleboro forward wall, North Attleboro gained a first down by inches on about the Attleboro three-yard line. Here Hall plunged over guard for the touchdown and on a fake buck and lateral to Lumnah, North scored their point after touchdown.

In the fourth quarter North again threatened as a result of another long pass from Hall to Feid. But Mercier intercepted a Hall pass a short time later and lateraled to Jim Lee who was brought down on the Attleboro twenty-one yard line.

This was the start of Attleboro's second offensive thrust of the morning. Relying solely on his ground attack Shorty Lee mixed bucks with spinners and reverses and with the aid of fine backing by Jim Drake, Attleboro was again within the North ten yard line. This time with first down and time for about three more plays, Jim Lee elected to pass hoping to catch the North secondary unawares but Phipps, the big North center, backed up and intercepted it, thus ending the threat.

The game ended a few plays later with Ralph Hall bucking the Attleboro line where he had gained yardage all morning.

* * *

FROM THE SIDELINES OF THE

NORTH vs. ATTLEBORO GAME

The annual Turkey Day game, as usual, was filled with thrills and spills before North emerged the victor.

The school spirit of both cheering sections was something to behold.

Attleboro's band performed wonderfully on the North gridiron. The members and the director of this band practiced many long hours for the Thanksgiving Day occasion. They deserve your praise.

Betty Dalton and Grace Fawcett of Attleboro and North respectively did a grand job as majorettes of their band.

Attleboro was represented by cheerleaders from all four classes.

A trophy was presented to Dana Wallenthin for being adjudged the outstanding performer of Attleboro High's band.

* * *

Boys' Basketball

With four members of last year's first team returning, the outlook for this season's basketball is very good. Bill Madden, Jim Lee, Gerard Boncher and Charlie Markman form the nucleus of the team. Among those fighting for the other position will be Mark Mercier, Pete Mercier, Pete Pinocci, and Bob Doucette. Of these four Mark Mercier is the one most likely to get the job.

Coach Tozier plans to carry a first squad and a second squad. Some of the others who will be fighting for a place on the first squad will be Bob Garriepy, Bob Patterson, Bob Powers, George Fischer and many other "dark horses" who are yet to be heard from.

The schedule is not completed as yet but the Blue and White open their season at Brockton on the 29th of December against the strong Brockton team. Some of the other teams that Attleboro has signed up are New Bedford, New Bedford Vocational, Taunton, Coyle, Abington, North Quincy and North Attleboro. If Attleboro gets through this ambitious schedule they will rightfully rank as one of the best teams in the state.

Coach Tozier expects to give the players who have just completed the football season a week's rest and then the basketball season will get under way in earnest.

The team expects to make up for the loss in football to North Attleboro by defeating the

Red Raiders. Although the material in North Attleboro is weaker than usual, you may be sure that Coach Yates will have a good team built around Ralph Hall and probably Gordon Feid.

The Coach wants plenty of underclassmen out for basketball, so the more the merrier!

* * *

Girls' Field Hockey

Last year a proposition was brought before the student council by a Tri-Y representative that field hockey should be introduced to the girls of A. H. S. as a new sport. As a result, the girls are playing field hockey under the new instructors, Miss Dorothy Covell and Miss Eleanor Fillmore. New equipment has been obtained, and through the kindness of the General Plate Co. the girls are using their field. Interclass games are played, as the instructors feel that the girls are not yet experienced enough to play against other school teams. Field hockey will continue in the spring so that next fall a varsity team may be selected.

* * *

Girls' Basketball

This year about 90 girls reported for basketball practice. Betty Lee Wells was appointed the manager, but no captain has yet been elected. Under the supervision of the new coaches, Miss Dorothy Covell and Miss Eleanor Fillmore, the girls are to play a series of round robin league games ending in interclass games.

The manager is contacting the teams of Foxboro, Middleboro, Mansfield, North Easton, Stoughton, Sharon, Wrentham, possibly Whitman, and our old rival, North Attleboro. A schedule will be arranged with several of these teams, and the first game will be played in the second week of January.

It is hoped that the student body will cooperate fully and give its earnest support to the girls' team.

SCRAPS

WESTERBERG "42"
AND CO.

E. PLURIBUS FOONUM



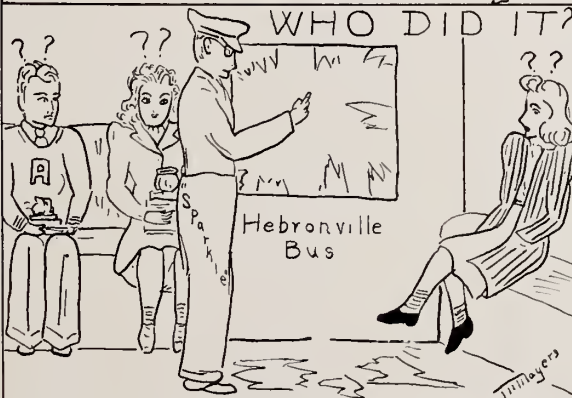
DISAPPEARING SEATS IN THE NEW FEED BOX.



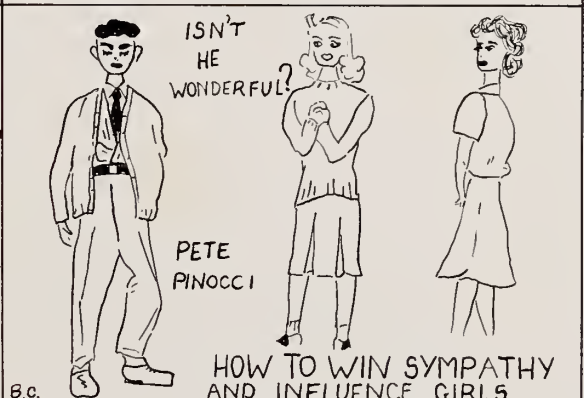
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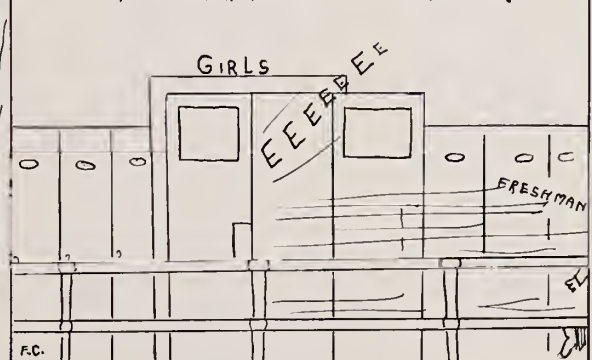
HOW TO WIN SYMPATHY
AND INFLUENCE GIRLS.

A FRESHMAN STUDYING AT HOME



E CALLAHAN

WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES.



E.C.

BITS THAT BITE

THOMAS O'BRIEN, '40

WINSTON BERGH, '40

DONALD CHARETTE, '42

As we set out upon a new year of humor (?), we would like to say a few words about our column. Anything we write is written in fun only, and any harm done to any person's feelings will be purely accidental. If at any time you feel that you have been harmed by this column, please see Mr. Charette. Any congratulations, or the like, which you may wish to offer will be gladly accepted by either Mr. O'Brien or Mr. Bergh.

We thank you,
Tom, Win and Don.

* *

We start this year with some snappy bits heard and seen in the lunch-room:

We have noticed that Tom O'Brien always leaves the lunch room by the girls' door and takes his time about it. Could it be that cute little red-head who collects the trays?

Bud Shockro and Millie Lincoln can be seen every day drinking milk from the same bottle with two straws. Says Bud: "If Attleboro wins the North game, *I'm* going to buy the milk."

Helen Goddard has a fruit with her lunch every day—a Peach.

Waldo Gammell has been seen eating out of Virginia Uhlig's lunch bag.

George Apps always stands up to eat. He says that he wants to get a "broad" view of the cafeteria.

Tom Johnston spends five minutes of the recess period eating and the other fifteen minutes talking about his girl in Plainville.

Bob Tennant and Rosalie Knight are still at it.

Snuffy Smith sees to it that Red Rivers is well supplied with jelly-doughnuts.

We now present our dedication of this year's song hits:

"South of the Border"—Red Madden

"Ain't Cha Comin' Out?"—The Football Team

"Between a Kiss and a Sigh"—Ed Doucette and Muriel Childs

"I Like Mountain Music"—Senior Social Committee

"Mutiny in the Nursery"—Joe Sheehan stays out till 9:30

"My Heart Belongs to Daddy"—Alice Cooper (ahem!)

"Shabby Old Cabby"—Rose Beland's "hack"

"I Found a New Baby"—Ray Maynard (Anna)

"It's All So New to Me"—the Freshmen

"If I Had a Brain"—Don Charette

"Our Love"—Ted Manchester and Nancy Rhind

"Waterboy"—Porky Boardman

"Scatterbrain"—Martin Slutsky

"Over the Rainbow"—Chick Shields

* *

Red Klebes—"I think I've got a flat tire."

Pick-up—"I think that makes us even."

* *

"THE STRIPED SLINKER"

There was a young hunter named Krunk

Who met in his huntings a skunk

The Skunk scented danger

And also the stranger—

And—oh dear how the circumambient ether became pervaded with a haunting bit of a fragrance!

The Wilbar girls, Virginia and Gloria, have recently acquired a new 1940 Crosley. They plan to start using it in January. All they have to do is drive close to a gasolene station and the "two by four" motor will run on the gasolene fumes for a week. Just at the present, their mother is using the motor in the washing machine.

* *

Frank Flaherty is hitting it up with a certain little freshman girl (she towers a foot over him.) This little number is under the impression that all seniors are "whacky". We hope she isn't judging them by Flaherty.

P. S.—The second letter of her middle name is Hope Axon.

* *

Says Paul Cunningham—"I certainly enjoyed that Walpole game—yes sir! Was she nice!"

* *

Mr. Goding—"What's the formula for water?"

Eddie Webb—"HIJKLMNO."

Mr. Goding—"What ever gave you that idea?"

Eddie—"You did. You said yesterday that the formula for water was H to O."

* *

Tip O'Neil makes regular phone calls to Quincy. It sometimes costs him as much as \$1.45. She *must* be nice.

* *

A description of Eleanor Slattery—she's like an almond bar—sweet, but nutty.

Cheering at the Walpole game—"Yea Herman! Yea Klebes! Yea! Yea! Charlie Slutsky!"

* *

They say that "Itch" Cameron's part in the Senior play was very difficult to portray. It may have been for some people, but "nut" for our little "Itch".

* *

THE END OF AUGUST

by Hemingway Touchbottom

I had a little dog. I called him August. August was fond of jumping at conclusions, especially at the cow's conclusion. One day he jumped at the mule's conclusion. The next day was the first of September.

* *

Bob Holt—"You're like the horizon."

Lillian Salley—"How's that?"

Bob Holt—"You never get any closer."

* *

A very fussy housekeeper was having her bedroom painted. Wishing to know what progress the painter was making, she crept to the bottom of the stairs and listened. Not a sound reached her ears.

"Painter," she called, "are you working?"

"Yes, ma'am," came the reply.

"I can't hear you making a sound," said the housekeeper.

"Perhaps not," the painter called back.

"I ain't putting the paint on with a hammer."

* *

Red Klebes is out looking for dates in his snappy new coupe. Watch out girls! He may come your way.

Mr. Spatcher—"Now then, hurry up, can't you?"

M. Arts Boy—"All right, all right. Rome wasn't built in a day."

Mr. Spatcher—"Maybe not. But I wasn't foreman on that job."

* *

By the way, if you haven't anything important to do—like studying—you might take a look at the "Hoots" department. The poor boys and girls worked hard on their material, and a little credit is due them for trying so hard.

* *

Traffic Cop—"Hey, you can't make a turn to the right."

Betty Wells—"Why not?"

Traffic Cop—"Well, a right turn is wrong here—the left turn is right. If you want to turn right, turn left and then—aw, go ahead!"

* *

Mr. Cooper—"And what do you do when you hear the fire alarm, my good man?"

Herman Goff—"Oh I jest get up and feel the wall, and if it ain't hot, I go back to bed."

* *

Farmer—"Gosh, you must have plenty of nerve to come in a parachute in a hundred mile gale like this."

"Eagle Scout" Peach—"I didn't come down in a parachute. I went up in a tent."

* *

Mother—"Ellen May, did you sew a button on my coat?"

Ellen May—"No, I couldn't find a button and so I sewed up the buttonhole."

* *

Bob Hayes is running around with the Lutz twins from Pawtucket. Where one goes, likewise goes the other. Bob says (we quote)—

"It ain't such a hot idea in some respects, but in others, it sure has its advantages." (we unquote)

* *

"If you refuse me," he swore, "I shall die."
She refused him.

Sixty years later he died.

* *

Rachel Payette wants to know how long a man has to be a halfback before they make him a fullback—smart, isn't she?

* *

Marie Berry—"My Scotch uncle sent me his picture this morning."

Olivia Caswell—"Yeah? How does he look?"

Marie Berry—"I don't know. I haven't had it developed yet."

* *

Fred—"My singing makes people say 'ah!' "

Mary—"Yes, they have to go to the doctor."

* *

"I'll never propose to a girl again as long as I live."

"Oh, jilted?"

"No, accepted!"

* *

Gal—"Does my face look like my fortune?"

Truthful Guy—"Naw, sister, it looks like mine."

Gal—"What do you mean?"

Guy—"I'm broke."

* *

Jane—"Jack was the goal of my ambitions."

Betty—"What happened, dear?"

Jane—"Father kicked the goal."

ALUMNI NOTES

Marjorie Hinds, '40

Marion Rivers, '40

Phyllis Hodge, '42

Beverly Truell, '42

So, you graduated
Well—good for you!
Still, ain't cha kinda sorry too?

Flash! "Local Boy Makes Good." Bill Lee has returned to the scene of his former "defeat" by English teachers, and is now conquering defenseless freshmen himself.

Bernice Radnor and Alice Chambers, '39, are busily wearing out typewriter ribbons over at Swank Products.

Ken Gavin, '39, is kept pretty busy working at Wolfenden's, practicing on his saxophone and seeing Barb McGregor when she isn't at the Public Library.

Ev Hyland, '37, can be seen on top of almost any telephone pole doing his best for the New England Light and Power Co.

Dot Wellman, blonde Mary Livingston of A. H. S., is employed at R. F. Simmons Co.

Jim Cassidy, '39, is rapidly making progress at Boston University, especially on the gridiron. Keep up the good work, Jim.

Connie Farrow, '39, that "super-activity" girl and also voted the most ambitious, is certainly following true to her course, having carried some of her personality out West where she has enrolled in the University of Missouri to study journalism.

Grover Carpenter, '38, has sweet memories of last summer when he helped take care of a camp for girls. Now can you guess why he's lonely?

P. S. The girls called him Goo Goo.

Bob Denham, '39, has done exactly what the Class Prophecy had said. Lucky fellow—he was married!

Early dawn finds Helen Ballou, '39, Pip Pipenstock, Marjorie Goff, '36, Barb Straker,

'38, and Bob Keane, all heading for the Rhode Island School of Design.

Dave Niven, '38, has, through his skillful drum playing, made the Barbary Coast Orchestra at Dartmouth. Also wearing out the Dartmouth campus is Bob Keeler, class of '38.

Franny Maguire, '39, Eddie Lee, '38, Jack Connolly, '38, and Ed Healy, '39, are all learning the ropes at Providence College.

The class of 1914 held a gala reunion last June in the Park Hotel. They were the first class to graduate from this high school on County Street. Certainly some changes would be seen if they all came back now. Among those present were Miss Edith Claffin, Mr. Gibb and Mr. Fales.

Gladys Walsh, '37, employed at the Telephone Co., is kept busy at the switchboard faithfully plugging in her calls.

Eileen Trott and Hubert Hennessey, both of the class of '37, make their way daily to the L. G. Balfour Co.—the latter not always on time.

Demet Athanas, '39, is employing his knowledge (?) of chemistry at the Audette Plating Co.

Ray Brogan, '39 and Karl Bassler, '39, who sang together in "The Pirates of Penzance" are now working together in Providence. Both have plans for the future, Ray for a musical career and Karl for higher education.

Butch Young, '35, Ralph Palmer, '36, and Bill Cuthbertson, '38, are all working in that great little metropolis commonly called Providence.

Betty Nolan and Minnette Brigham have parted company. Betty has left for Skidmore, and Minnette is "preping" at Lincoln School.

Beverly Burton, '39, has given up dancing long enough to enroll at Bryant College.

At last Mouse Kelliher has popped the question! Mouse and Dot Pullen, both of the class of '35, were married Saturday, October 7.

Annie Shand, '39, is at present hunting around for a job, after spending a most interesting summer in Scotland. Aren't those Scotch "lads" nice, Annie?

We find Alice Bescherer, Myrtice Worrall, Leapha Makepeace, and Hope Picken proud freshmen at Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

Kenny Murphy, '36, is working at Glad-ding's in Providence. The business should pick up now!

Helen Bruen, '39, is following in the foot-steps of her sister Cappy and is attending Framingham Teachers College.

We hear that Janet Taylor, '38, attending the University of Vermont, has been chosen a member of the honorary riding team. Good for you, Janet!

That "speed demon" Art Hinds, '38, has slowed up a bit and is right now in the heart of the woods of Maine, studying at Bridgeton Academy.

---And of course you have heard that Doug Lapham, '38, is married to a Darling!

Jane Gray, '38, continues her "cutting up" at Westbrook Junior College, while Bob Schultheiss, '38, between trips, remains at Worcester Tech.

Loretta McGregor, '37, continues to offer the local undertakers stiff opposition by working off some of that excess skill and charm on the patients at the Memorial Hospital.

Beverly Grammel, '37, continues to attract the trade at Whelan's.

Joseph Mowry, class of '35, was honored last summer by being sent as a delegate to the Sigma Chi convention at Los Angeles. Last year, he was president of Tau Chapter at Roanoke College, and is now in his senior year.

Richard Clark, '34, was graduated from Brown last June and is now taking up business management. Bud Andrews, also of the class of '34, is entering the hotel business in New York this winter.

It would be interesting to count the number of alumni that were seen the first night of the People's Institute. We're wondering if they came just to increase their knowledge, or for the thrill of once more being back in dear old A. H. S.

Also making himself famous by coaching at Providence College is Giggy Pariseau.

We understand that Phil Rhind doesn't have to be Towle(d) what to do with his spare evenings.

Guess it must have been the real thing between Ernie Yeo and Lois Grant, both from the class of '35, since the two are going to join hands in the field of matrimony.

Cliff Homer still wears that girl's class ring on his little finger. Could it be Bev Grammel's?

That cute little sales girl behind that great big jewelry counter in the Shepard store is none other than Erika Braun.

Newton Carpenter, after much cramming, has finally entered Brown University.

George Spatcher, '19, continues to "wear himself to the bone" trying to sell tickets.

This column's new to all of us
But you can be sure we'll try our best
So just follow us faithfully,
And time shall be our test.

* *

If the Dean doesn't take back what he said to me this morning, I'm going to leave college."

"What did he say?"

"He told me to leave college."

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—Golden Rod

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And all thru the class
Not a creature was stirring—
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Other Twerp—"Well, she says she used to teach Shakespeare."

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Leona—"I thought you were a little forward!"

—The Parrot

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Offers a college program with broad and thorough training in the principles of business with specialization in Accounting, Journalism, Banking and Finance, Public Administration, Industrial Administration or Marketing and advertising. Instruction is through lectures, solution of business problems, class discussions, motion pictures and talks by business men.

College of Engineering

Provides complete college programs in Engineering with professional courses in the fields of Civil, Mechanical (with Diesel, Aeronautical, and Air Conditioning options), Electrical, Chemical, Industrial Engineering, and Engineering Administration. General engineering courses are pursued during the freshman year; thus the student need not make a final decision as to the branch of engineering in which he wishes to specialize until the beginning of the sophomore year.

Co-operative Plan

The Co-operative Plan, which is available to upperclassmen in all courses, provides for a combination of practical industrial experience with classroom instruction. Under this plan the student is able to earn a portion of his school expenses as well as to make business contacts which prove valuable in later years.

Degrees Awarded

Bachelor of Arts

Bachelor of Science

Pre-legal Programs Available

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